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FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1912.

PAY THE NATIONAL GUARD.

National defense should be commensurate with national position, but the United States has not been obedient to the admonition of Washington, that "if we desire to secure peace, it must be known that we are at all times ready for war." The United States is not ready for war; it never has been ready for war; but the lesson of the past ought to teach the necessity of preparedness for the future. World peace is still an academic question; the war drums still throb; and the battlefields are not furled; neither is there any portent of the peaceful "parliament of the world." A world power, the United States menaces its welfare by the pursuit of a military policy that is at once narrow and inadequate. This nation of ours has accumulated vast wealth; it has devised commercial schemes of increase that wealth so that it must come into competition with other great nations; it is enucleating policies and principles that, sooner or later, bid fair to become obnoxious to other nations; it is taking a national position which its military strength cannot enforce. The time has come when the military force of our country must be enlarged, developed and trained to the high water mark of efficiency.

The solution of the difficulty is the utilization of the National Guard to secure a large, well trained and always prepared national military force. Under our form of government a standing army is impossible; the defense of the country should rest upon its citizens trained and fitted for service as a great national military reserve capable of immediate mobilization. This solution is the most economical, because the National Guard is already supported to a considerable extent by the several States. Nor would the productive capacity of such soldiers be diminished by their withdrawal from their regular vocations; while still at work they voluntarily devote a part of their time to preparing themselves for military fitness. Last, but not least, the utilization of the National Guard would greatly reduce pensions in the event of war, for better trained and better disciplined men suffer far less injury and mortality than raw and ignorant troops.

To secure the efficient training of the National Guard involves a greater expense than the States can afford. The crux of the difficulty is that the National Guardsman must earn his own living, and the training for national service demands an amount of time and effort which he cannot afford to give without compensation. The National Guard is for the national defense, and its maintenance should, as a matter of right, be a national expense. If the government would assist in making National Guardsmen efficient by providing reasonable compensation for them, such action would result in enabling officers of moderate means to devote the necessary time to military duties and studies; in securing the services of well educated young men for officers; in retaining in the service capable officers, many of whom will otherwise be compelled to resign; in requiring every National Guardsman, before receiving pay to establish his fitness for military service; in securing more regular attendance of enlisted men at drills; in encouraging enlistments, particularly of the better and more intelligent class of men; in improving discipline.

The Pepper bill now before Congress, if passed, will provide compensation for the National Guard on the basis of a percentage of the pay for the regular army. Enlisted men, under this bill, would get the highest percentage, 15 per cent. The proposition is absolutely reasonable. The ultimate annual cost of paying the National Guard would not exceed \$5,000,000, if indeed, it would amount to that much. The cost may seem great, but it must be remembered that a trained and fit National Guard, in the event of war, would tremendously reduce the cost of preparation for war. Nor must it be forgotten that the existence of such a great national reserve would act as a deterrent to nations who might contemplate war with the United States, and who, in the absence of an adequate national defense in this nation, might force hundreds of millions of dollars' expenditure upon us by war.

It would be the part of patriotism and wisdom for Congress to pass the Pepper bill at this session. The bill has been loaded down with vicious amendments, which seem to be designed to defeat the measure rather than to strengthen it. The Senate and House Committees on Military Affairs should properly excise the dangerous growth of changes and pass the Pepper bill practically as it came into committee. A fit National Guard is a national necessity, and it ought to be dealt with accordingly. Congress would far more effectively gain the love of the country if it would stop

manufacturing campaign issues long enough to pass the Pepper bill, the object of which appeals to the patriotism and to the good judgment of the American people.

KETTLE CRITICIZES THE POT

The wisdom of the outsider is a wonderful thing. It is superhuman because it is all head and no heart. Listen to what the amiable Pall Mall Gazette of London says editorially about our presidential campaign:

"The two candidates have covered each other so thickly with mud that the American people may be compelled for their own dignity to find some other occupant of the White House. The 'dog fight' as it has come to be called, is a spectacle too lamentable to amuse even the distant detached onlooker. Englishmen will not forget the respect due to the head of a great friendly nation, but the manners of this contest are not making it easy to remember."

There is no correction to be made of this estimate of the present unpleasantness except that it is not a dog fight. It is a "game," wherein somebody is going to get slugged over the ropes. It is democracy with its hat in the ring. Its coat of arms, its manners discarded and its dignity gone visiting. It is a lunch-counter exhibition of the appetite for several cups of coffee. It is a bitter, reckless struggle for personal vindication. It is too lamentable for laughter and too ridiculous for tears.

No wonder the distant and detached onlooker preserves with difficulty any respect for the office of chief magistrate in a country that settles its political destinies on the same principle that street gamins decide their quarrels. And it is amazing to consider a possible winner of this fight offering himself as an ambassador of peace to warring nations, or as a pretender after international honor among the countries of the world. The temperament of the average American may enable him to regain a mysterious respect for his President, but it should not be surprising that less volatile peoples may hereafter laugh up their sleeves when the dignity of ninety million voices itself in loud demands for serious consideration. Does it ever enter the heads of the sweaty gladiators that the character of the United States is suffering from their antics?

GOOD BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

What do your children read? Probably a good many modern parents do not know. They trust such things, along with a large part of training in manners and morals, to the schools or other social agencies and are quite willing to be relieved of the duty of selecting good literature for youth and encouraging a love for it. That the best results in character building through reading are not being attained is the opinion of those who ought to know—the booksellers. In an address before the booksellers' convention a big publisher of juvenile literature declared that much of the fiction for children sold in the United States was either worthless or dangerous.

According to this expert, many of these books distort facts, throw a false glamor of sentiment over reality and so do not teach young people to think sincerely and clearly; in others, the children are always wrong; in some, the hero wins his point by lying or smart trickery; in some, no respect is paid to learning and teaching are made a butt for ridicule; some encourage cruel and thoughtless mischief, and in a large majority bad English works its silent demoralization. He points out the fact that thinking booksellers cannot work on the principle that "it is poison, but it sells," because the children of to-day are the readers of the next generation, and if their taste is vitiated and their ideals lowered, they will not constitute a permanent and serious clientele to whom he can offer the best wares.

The cure suggested for these conditions is that the bookseller himself learn to know what he is selling and provide worth while fiction in cheap form, and that the parents be encouraged to interest themselves in the kind of matter their children devour so greedily. He thinks mothers and fathers will insist on better books if their eyes are once opened to the danger. In what is now offered? And he illuminates the whole matter by telling how one boy was cured of the dime novel habit by making him read a thriller out loud to his father. He was ashamed to give open expression to his improbabilities and cheap heroes.

That good books are an essential and important part of modern child life cannot be denied, and that the value of the reading habit in the end depends upon the parent is equally true. Children enter the finest literature as well as the trashiest if properly guided in choosing it. The duty of this guidance cannot be delegated to some impersonal institution. It is a part of the too often neglected home life. Yet how frequently do you hear a puzzled adult ask why children no longer read Dickens or Scott, or the other classics that once made youth a golden period. As if children had

the same instinct for noble literature that they have for jam! It is a good thing that the booksellers are waking up to their responsibilities, but it will be far better when parents who are solicitous about pure food and fresh air also learn to furnish pure food of the spirit for the restless, plastic minds of childhood.

MAN WANTED.

"Wanted—Physician, sanitary engineer or other person experienced in this field to fill the job of chairman of the Boston Health Commission; salary to start with, \$4,500, more may be expected. Apply John F. Fitzgerald, Mayor, Boston, Mass."

This is the commendably practical and modern method which one of the greatest American cities uses to secure a new head for its Health Board, the ad. being inserted in the city's official publication. This is the best possible way to get the right man for the place. Cities can get results by advertising just as merchants and employers can do.

The municipalities of Germany are the most efficient and the most progressive in the world. When a vacancy is created in the office of burgomaster, a position corresponding to our mayor, the place is filled through advertising. The best man is selected from the list of applicants, and is always a man who has served acceptably as burgomaster in some other city or municipality. He is promoted from one city to another, and the more efficient he is, the greater and the more important his job. His political affiliations are not considered in choosing him, the chief requirement being administrative ability. In such a way the right place finds the right man.

The principle followed by Boston is both right and reasonable. Efficiency knows no geography; ability knows no boundaries. The best man for the job is what is wanted, and in getting him the city should disregard utterly the barriers which sentiment and sectionalism have built. Richmond, for example, ought to be able to employ in her service experts from other cities and other States. Suppose that Richmond needed five first-class administrators for her Administrative Board, who could not be found within her city limits, then Richmond would have to allow her vast business to be administered by five mediocre and incompetent men, all because of an invisible line. Geography has nothing to do with securing experts in service. If we import engines to run our plants, why can we not import engineers?

This is the latest problem offered to a world whimsically infested with two sexes: Can a man who has to shave complete his toilet in a shorter time than a woman who has to "do" her hair? A correspondent of the New York Times, who signs herself with painful veracity "A Serious Sister," presents the feminist side of the case thus bitterly: "Rare indeed is the woman who has not sat, ready to depart, a patient witness of a spectacle that fills her either with terror or amusement, according to her temperament, while the masculine member of the household affords her an opportunity of enlarging her vocabulary and her knowledge of human nature at the same time." Why a serious mind should find fault with anything that can furnish a rare emotion like terror, or a beautiful luxury like amusement, while enlarging the vocabulary and broadening the view, is difficult to grasp. But until the hairless age be reached, we commend her to the mercuries of the twins, science and art. For science may perfect the safety razor to the point where it will make shaving safe for the bystander, and art may find a method of making the plastic sculpture of the puffed and waved coiffure an instantaneous process.

Of course, it is a Boston medical man who says that soon our houses will be fitted with electrical apparatus to keep the air full of high frequency waves that will cure rheumatism, headache and the other thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to. This savant must have overlooked the high tension conditions that exist in a good many houses now, and prove productive only of spoiled tempers and nerves.

A. Percy Osborn, the young New York lawyer who has been appointed guardian for Ava Alice Merrill Astor, is a fine type of the millionaire and citizen, who goes in for business and works as hard as any man. A thoroughgoing sportsman, an expert whip, he was a scholarly star in the Harvard law school and a genuine democrat of an aristocrat whom everybody liked.

An apothegm to New Jersey applied was delivered the other day by Senator Martine:

"It is rich in aroma, delicious as an intoxicant, promoting health, happiness and longevity. Why, Mr. President, after a couple of drinks of New Jersey applejack, they would not be able to detect the colors in a rainbow."

Sounds very much like the descriptions the old Confucius give of that fifty-year-old apple brandy that was passed around in spoonfuls at a recent reunion somewhere near Houston.

Where is the old-fashioned man who took it without water?

Jupiter Pluvius must be the only person in the world who really hates baseball.

Don't pledge yourself to vote for any candidate for the Administrative Board yet.

Political pledges made in January should be worth nothing in June.

Taft and Roosevelt are both making eyes and saying, "O you Oh!"

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

According to Uncle Abner.

There ain't no man so poor that he can't get a lot of mail from the patent medicine concerns.

Had Peters says there ain't no date on the calendar that comes around so quick and so often as the first of the month. It seems as though when he ain't just paid his rent, he is just going to pay it.

It seems as though Noah Webster during the course of his literary work, used almost every word in the English language.

Some fellows can get rich on \$7 a week, while others die poor on \$700 a week. It all depends on whether they run an automobile.

They are advertisin' a green horse race for the county fair, and Life is changin' the color of his sorrel mare so she kin qualify.

Since Elmer Spink has been writin' love letters to Miss Pansy Tibbitts he is thinkin' some of goin' to a correspondence school for a year or two in order to improve in that line.

The noisiest thing in the world is an old-fashioned 2-cent piece when it is dropped in the collection platter.

T. Ebbert Peavey jumped out'n bed sudden the other night in his new striped pajamas and scared a burglar to death.

Caught on the Fly. Some of the women will evidently not be satisfied until their skirts are so tight that they have to put them on with a shoe horn.

An expert in genealogy states that Rockefeller descended from noble stock, but he does not say how far. Strange to say, the history of the sugar trust is not the sweetest story ever told.

It is alleged that the late Republican State convention in Mississippi was held on the back platform of a street car. Some day there may be enough Republicans in that State to charter a whole car.

And, then again, perhaps Senator Bailey, in declaring that he will not be a candidate, is one of the few who recognize the psychological moment when they meet it face to face.

A Western man wrote a poem to the Governor and was saved from execution. In some States they would hang a man for the poetry alone.

The prune crop is reported 5,000,000 pounds short this year, and if this is so life in the boarding house should begin to be worth livin'.

Mr. Vickersham set out to blow up the powder trust, and the public is still waiting to hear the explosion.

Ah, Here We Are Again.

We note with considerable satisfaction that the cheer-up poem has appeared in a new guise. Every newspaper hard in "these" United States has taken a crack at it some time or other. This time it is called "Keep A-goin'."

This is the way it starts:

"When you think you're down and out,
Keep a-goin'.
Take the benefit of the doubt,
Keep a-goin'."

This poem has been known at various times as "Try Again," "Wear a Smile," "Don't Give Up," "Buckle In," "Push Ahead," "Don't Say Die," "Fight It Out," etc., etc. It is the greatest money-making poem ever written, as it has been sold to magazines at least three or four times a month for the past twenty years, always with a new title and a few new words. It almost writes itself. All you have to do is sit down at the typewriter and pound thuswise:

"Tum to-tum, to-tum, to-tum,
Keep on pluggin',
Tum to-tum, to-tum, to-tum,
Keep on pluggin',
Tum to-tum, to-tum, to-tum;
Tum to-tum, to-tum, to-tum;
Tum to-tum, to-tum, to-tum;
Keep on pluggin'."

It is as easy as purloining confectories from a baby, and so long as the magazine editors like it, it's nobody else's business.

Voice of the People

A Nation Learning to Play.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—It is all right to have nurses, surgeons, physicians and hospitals stationed at the bottom of the precipices ready to patch up the broken bones of those who fall from above; but a common sense rail at the top of the cliff, to prevent people from falling off, is a good thing, too. The Richmond Education Association recommends that the City School Board equip a thoroughly modern school for tubercular children. Good! The sooner the better. Other up-to-date cities have them. Why not Richmond? The least we can undertake for the city's children is to cure the cause of consumption, which civilization has caused and cultivated.

The Virginia Health Bulletin, No. 13-14, on "Fresh Air in Prevention and Cure," gives four pictures of fresh air schools, advancing a step each time in showing the common sense use of fresh air in the prevention of disease. The illustrations are: 1. A child lying on a cot, warmly wrapped in a Chicago open-air school; 2. A child in a play gymnasium, separated from the well children and placed in an open-air school; 3. A child studying out of doors in an open-air school of the United States; 4. A child in a play gymnasium, separated from the well children and placed in an open-air school.

Abe Martin

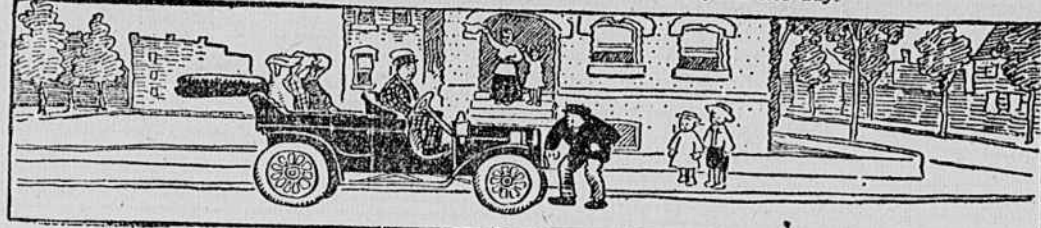
What's become of the groom that used to look over such a man? Mr. Tipton had an children are catin' at League convention.

MOTORING IN MAY TIME.

By John T. McCutcheon.

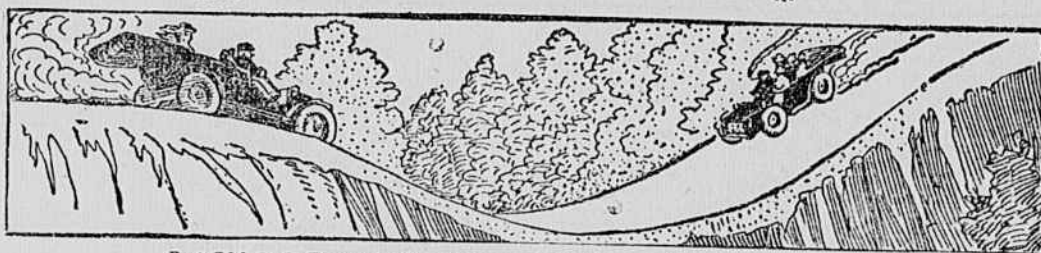
[Copyright, 1912, By John T. McCutcheon.]

'Twas a misty, misty morning in the merry (?) month of May
That the motor party (see below) went out to spend the day.



Their hearts were light and happy, for they thought it wouldn't rain (I)

They scooted gayly up—the hill and scooted—down again.



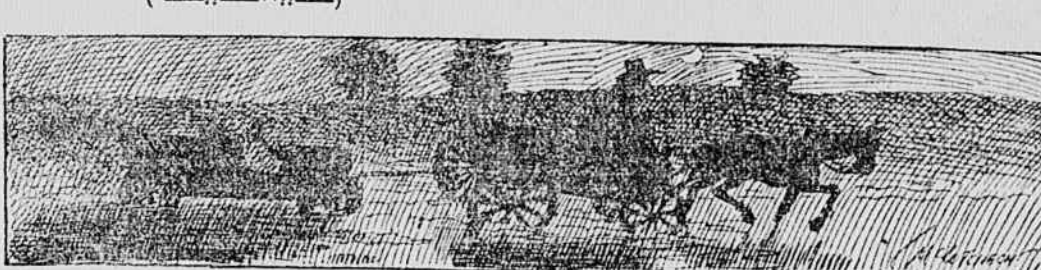
But Oh! They struck a former road, the car refused to go.
They pushed and pushed and also pushed (as shown in sketch below).



The motor was a worthless make, it should have been a—
And what they said we cannot print—and wish we could forget.
(*Space to let)



The thunder roared, the torrents poured, it hailed and nearly snowed!
They spoke in terms unsterilized while wading through the road.
(*!!*)



This violet laden month of May "ain't what it used to be."
Its reputation once was good, but now—Oh, hully gee!

out of doors in the fresh air of a school garden.

Not in the Health Bulletin, but in the May number of the American City, in an article by Lambert H. Weil, field secretary, Playground and Recreation Association of America, for the Pacific coast, will be found the fifth and last picture, completing the series—"Children on the Hubbard School Playground." When the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea, then the last shall be first. This is the things which we now do last we shall then do first, such as building strong, simple railings at the top of cliffs and making playgrounds.

Professor George E. Johnson, of Pittsburgh, author of "Education by Plays and Games," has founded a four years' university course of instruction for training play leaders. The American City, in commenting on this, says: "If it is true that the higher social relations of life cannot well be taught by precept, but must be learned by the greatest possible use of this natural and fundamental instinct of the child known as play."

Mr. Weil says: "The development of the play idea has given rise to a sentiment regarding schools that church to be provided around the school buildings. This varies from thirty square feet per child in large Eastern and Middle Western cities to a maximum of 160 square feet in the North and West coast region." "The School Board of Portland, Ore., spent \$150,000 last year in enlarging its school grounds; Oakland, Cal., voted nearly half a million of bonds for the same purpose; Sacramento voted a large sum of money, some of which will be used for enlarging school grounds; Tacoma, Wash., likewise. It is to be expected, when the million dollar bond issue is available, which will probably be next fall, to purchase twenty-seven sites, in connection with already existing school grounds, thus making them more adaptable and efficient in developing the play idea." "The Playground and Recreation Association of America advocates the securing of at least three acres for each grade building, and at least five acres for every high school. For the latter ten or fifteen would be better."

What a fine high school site or playground the Richmond College grounds would make! Wisely colleges and universities men are given large, roomy, fresh air spaces in which to build up brains for the nation. Finding the present grounds too cramped for the best development of the college, he sought greater tracts of fresh air at Westhampton. Why should college athletes (infinitely more able to jump from in front of automobiles) need more fresh air than little children?

The May number of The Playground and Recreation survey of Milwaukee, Wis., made by Rowland Haynes, field secretary of the Playground and Recreation Association of America. In The American City for May, Mr. Duane Mowry, late member Milwaukee Board of School Directors, says:

"The movement for social and recreational activity in Milwaukee has re-

cently received a real and substantial endorsement by the vote of the people at the polls. This has been made manifest by authorizing the levy of a tax not to exceed two-tenths of a mill on each dollar of the assessed valuation of all property in any one year."

Mr. Haynes is at present in Richmond making a similar survey of this city. Our citizens are gladly co-operating with him that they may reap the full benefit of his wise and expert counsel in his effort to show us how we may substitute fresh air for consumption. W. W. GILLETTE, Richmond.

The Loss of Titanic. It was midnight on the deep, but no storm was raging there. Undisturbed were their sleep, but soon awoke in despair. Could this be—all seemed well, on waters of the Atlantic. Listen! as misfortune tell, the great grief of the Titanic.

It was midnight on the sea, sailing eastward to the shore. Their hearts were filled with gloom, but death sailed on before. Think—loved ones sailing on, blue waters of the Atlantic. Waiting for the coming dawn, on that majestic Titanic.

Hark! I hear the Captain's voice, women, children appeared. Then loving wives made their choice, with heroic as they feared: Sad to think of such fate, lives are helpless and frantic: Their last hope—gone—dawn awaits the first voyage of Titanic.

Listen to their mournful cries, when no human arm could save: Look to him above the skies, ere you fill the watery grave. Some trusted him on the sea, death waters of the Atlantic: They gazed upon eternally, on that mighty Titanic.

The hand played sweetly on, "Nearer, My God, to Thee"; To think of that fatal morn brings it fresh to memory. They heard those dear hearts of ours, in briny waters of the deep. Where never bloom sweetest flowers, where their loved ones can but weep.

That sweet hymn deserves its place when we near our earthly life. And to trust Him for His grace is enough to banish strife. Some sang this hymn, vena, upon the Atlantic: And we bear our pain within of the loss of Titanic.

CLIFTON FORGE.

Drowned in Falling River. [Special to The Times-Dispatch.] Brookneal, Va., May 16.—Joe Driscoll, who lived about three miles from this place, was drowned Sunday morning while attempting to swim across Falling River to reach his home. Efforts to recover the body have been unsuccessful. Mr. Driscoll was about thirty-eight years old. He leaves a mother and sister.

Brace Home Chances Hands. [Special to The Times-Dispatch.] Wytheville, Va., May 16.—G. S. Bruce has sold his handsome residence on Fourth Avenue to Hon. S. S. Simmerman. The trade was consummated this afternoon, the price being \$13,500. Possession will be given on October 15.

TRADE REPORT

Bradstreet's to-morrow will say for Richmond and vicinity:

Taken as a whole trade conditions are up to normal, some lines are active, while others are quiet. Continued rain this week has temporarily retarded trade, and some damage is reported on low lands. Manufacturers of and dealers in paints, oils and varnishes report very active ordering. Building operations are active, creating demand for material, while labor is well employed. Lumber manufacturers report good business, and many are working extra time to keep up with orders. Wholesale dry goods are receiving fair filling-in orders, largely following a late season. Farming operations have progressed satisfactorily up to the present week of wet weather. Vegetable crops are reported in excellent condition; tobacco beds are well advanced. The corn crop is late. From present indications the hay crops will be above the average, while the wheat crop is only fair. Railroad reports show few dice cars, and some orders for new equipment are being placed. Retail trade is fair. Collections are irregular.

NEW ATHLETIC OFFICERS

ELECTED BY A. & M. STUDENTS

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.] West Raleigh, May 16.—At the regular spring meeting of the Athletic Association, the following men were elected to the various offices: President of the Athletic Association, D. B. Floyd; Vice-President, J. J. McCall; Secretary-Treasurer, C. G. Spenser; manager baseball team, R. M. Bailey; assistant managers of baseball team, J. F. Schenck and B. O. Austin; Manager of track team, L. L. Merritt; assistant managers, A. J. Phillips, Jr., and J. G. H. Gelter. Graduate manager of the Athletic Association, J. W. Harrison; manager of 1912 football team, to succeed J. I. McCallum, signed, N. S. Lochicotte; editor-in-chief of Wan Gun Race, F. S. Hollis; Assistant editor-in-chief, H. K. Nash; business manager of Wan Gun Race, W. C. Taylor; assistant business manager, G. H. Anthony; chief rooster, W. C. Taylor; assistant chief rooster, A. R. Lane and G. H. Anthony.

The interclass series of baseball games started Tuesday with a game between the freshmen and short-course classes, the former winning, 3 to 2.

D. C. Cummings Critically Ill.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.] Bristol, Va., May 16.—State Senator David C. Cummings, who represented Bristol, Washington and Smyth counties in the last Virginia Senate, is critically ill at his home at Abingdon, and fears are expressed that he may not survive. He is about fifty years of age. He has been ill for only a few days.

National State and City Bank

Richmond, Virginia,
Solicits Your Account.
Capital \$1,000,000. Surplus \$900,000.